

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

我自己的旋律

MY OWN MELODY

木樨颜 刘珍 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Liu Zhen



朱慧敏 | 主 编

姜国会 | 副主编



朱慧敏

河北师范大学硕士研究生，主要研究领域为英美文学、英语教育、文学翻译。已在天津外国语大学学报等期刊发表多篇论文，主持和参与多项课题，获得第十二届全球“百人百译”汉

英翻译大赛一等奖等。

Zhu Huimin, is MA candidate at the School of Foreign Studies in Hebei Normal University. Her areas of research include British and American literature, English education and literary translation. She has published many papers in journals like Journal of Tianjin Foreign Studies University. She has presided over and participated in many projects, and has won lots of prizes, such as the first prize of the 12th “Hundred People Hundred Translation” Global Translation Competition.



姜国会

山东德州人，山东师范大学翻译硕士，山东省翻译协会会员，《国际诗歌翻译》翻译家，《琳琅集 中国最短韵律诗》副主编，出版专著《历史类文本翻译过程中的资料查询》，参译《诗之光 中国当代非主流诗人诗选》。

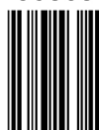
Jiang Guohui, born in Dezhou, Shandong Province, is a graduate student of MTI (Master of Translation and Interpreting) in Shandong Normal University, a member of Translators Association of Shandong Province (TASD), a translator of Renditions of International Poetry. She is an associate editor of *Finest Gems: the Shortest Rhyming Poems of Ancient China*, the author of *Information Searching in the Translation of Historical Texts*, one of the translators of *Muse of Light: Selected Translations of Some Minor Poets of Contemporary China*.

ISBN: 979-883040348-1



9 798830 403481

50868



我

自己的

MY OWN

MELODY

旋律

木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓

Honorary General Editor ZHANG Zhi

General Editor LI Zhengshuan

Other Books in the Series

Daybreak, edited by FENG Chunhuan and WANG Shuyi

Fog, edited by ZHU Huimin and GONG Xiaodi

Green Rhythm, edited by ZHANG Lifeng

Hushed, edited by HAN Yue

Metaphor of Time, edited by LI Xiuli and ZHOU Susu

Pulsation, edited by HU Ping and FU Yingying

Pupil, edited by ZHAO Yanyan and LI Ruoxi

Rainwater, edited by ZHU Huimin and YAN Li

MY OWN MELODY

我自己的旋律

TRANSLATED BY
BRENT YAN & LIU ZHEN

木樨颜 刘 珍 译

EDITED BY
ZHU HUIMIN & JIANG GUOHUI

主 编

朱 慧 敏

副主编

姜 国 会

amazon

Copyright © 2022 by Brent Yan
Translated by Brent Yan & Liu Zhen
Edited by Zhu Huimin & Jiang Guohui

Published by Amazon Publishing
NY, New York, U.S.A.
<http://books.amazon.com/>
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author. The only exception is by a reviewer, who may quote short excerpts in a review.

Printed in the United States of America
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
First Printing: May 25, 2022
Total Characters: 143,500

ISBN: 979-8-83040-348-1

总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近30年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计106期，译介中国和世界各地诗人4000余人，翻译诗歌11000余首，总计约20万行2000万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自30多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集400余部，涉及的语种达20多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, etc. In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels—on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of Arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuan

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们
不忘诗心。愿我们
向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨
津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can
always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

目 录

CONTENTS

i	总编略语
v	General Editor's Words
x	推荐辞（张智中）
xii	Recommendation by Zhang Zhizhong
xv	推荐辞（汪剑钊）
xvi	Recommendation by Wang Jianzhao
001	We Were Deserters from the Circus Omar Obregón
002	我们是竞技场的逃亡者 奥玛·奥布里根
003	God and Me Bogumiła Janicka
004	上帝和我 博古米拉·雅尼卡
007	From This Desk Helen Bar-Lev
008	桌子旁 海伦·巴列夫
011	Inside the Cuckoo Clock Valeria Melchiorretto
012	布谷鸟钟 温莉瑞尔·梅尔奇欧莱托
015	By the Lake Shihab Ghanem
016	湖边 谢哈布·加尼姆
019	Wiaam Shihab Ghanem
020	薇娅姆--致爱女薇娅姆 谢哈布·加尼姆
021	Without Even a Sancho Shihab Ghanem
022	一个桑丘也没有 谢哈布·加尼姆
025	My Own Melody G. Mend-Ooyo
026	我自己的旋律 門都右

- 029 Father and Son | Stanley H. Barkan
- 030 父与子 | 斯坦利•巴坎
- 033 I Wanted to Be a Sun | Vira Shulgan
- 034 我曾想变成太阳 | 维拉•舒尔甘
- 039 Where She Got It From | Channah Moshe
- 040 从何而得 | 钱纳•摩西
- 043 Bleeding Heart | Olfa Philo
- 044 流血之心 | 奥尔法•菲洛
- 047 Mehmet's Sadness | Emre ŞAHİNLER
- 048 穆罕默德的悲伤 | 埃姆雷•沙欣莱尔
- 051 It Was Dawn | Maria Miraglia
- 052 拂晓 | 玛利亚•米拉利亚
- 055 Falling Drops | Maria Miraglia
- 056 落下的雨滴 | 玛利亚•米拉利亚
- 059 That Love | Maria Miraglia
- 060 那种爱 | 玛利亚•米拉利亚
- 061 Homecoming | Lara Ayvazyan
- 062 回家 | 拉拉•艾瓦齐扬
- 063 A Lullaby for the People of B. | Dino Porović
- 064 B 类人的催眠曲 | 迪诺•波多维克
- 065 An African Hand | Anni Sumari
- 066 非洲之手 | 安妮•萨默利
- 067 As a Night | Sassi Fathi
- 068 夜晚 | 萨西•法特西
- 071 Fire Relies on the Leaves of Gum Trees | Dominique Hecq
- 072 火依存于橡胶树叶 | 多米尼克•赫克
- 075 The Slow Hum of Bees | Kaye Voigt Abikhaled
- 076 蜜蜂嗡嗡吟唱 | 凯•沃伊特•阿比哈莱德

- 077 Actors off Script | Kaye Voigt Abikhaled
- 078 脱稿演员 | 凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德
- 081 Mona Lisa of the Mountains | Nancy Dougherty
- 082 山中的蒙娜丽莎 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 083 His and Hers | Nancy Dougherty
- 084 他的和她的 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 085 Ringed in the Heart | Nancy Dougherty
- 086 心里缠绕 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 079 Alice | Nancy Dougherty
- 089 爱丽丝 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 091 Late Dinner | Nancy Dougherty
- 092 略晚的晚饭 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 093 Water Lilies | Nancy Dougherty
- 094 白色的百合花 | 南希·多尔蒂
- 095 New Year's Eve | Shihab Ghanem
- 096 新年前夕 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 099 The Arrival of Seagulls | Raed Anis Al-Jishi
- 100 海鸥飞来 | 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯
- 101 A Dance of Bullets | Shihab Ghanem
- 102 子弹之舞 | 谢哈布·加尼姆
- 103 Final Act | Raed Anis Al-Jishi
- 104 最后一幕 | 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯
- 109 关于译者
- 110 About the Translators
- 111 编后记 Postscript

We Were Deserters from the Circus

Omar Obregón

Like an insect to the light
When freedom is a train
Or other mode of escape
In which words are lost
In the eye of the storm
We shed our skins in the act
Like glistening serpents
In the light of the moon
In the anticipated vigil.

The next day we buried
What we lived in bloom
And we took up another song
And embarked on a new journey.

Albumen without shell,
Dissolved in the immensity
Of what we call fate
— A future forged from the past —,
We were phantoms devoid of direction
A swarm of beings in flight
Trying to reach the present
Tired of awaiting the future.

We broke the thin cord
That kept the balance.
We were deserters from the circus.





我们是竞技场的逃亡者

奥玛·奥布里根

就像昆虫之于光亮
当自由是一列火车 或
其他模式的奔逃
此时语言也失踪
在风暴的中心
和预期的守夜
我们趁着月光的沐浴
蜕去外皮
就像鳞片闪耀的巨蛇

翌日，我们把我们的过去
埋葬进全盛的青春
然后唱起另一首歌
踏上另一段新的征程

没有蛋壳的蛋清
溶解入我们所谓的浩瀚的命运
（由历史铸造的未来）
我们是没有方向的幻影
是一群飞行的生命
疲于等待未来
却在努力达成现在

我们切断这维持平衡的
纤弱绳索
我们都是竞技场的逃亡者

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 64 期）

God and Me

Bogumiła Janicka

1

You appear
Behind the wall
Swallowing glass handles
You deal with
The canned fish using the opener
Just
Now
We consume supper together
With silent prayer at the forefront

2

I met
I got to know
A man
Discovering
Loneliness
In front of the mirror





上帝和我

博古米拉·雅尼卡

一

你出现
在墙的背后
吞咽下玻璃手柄
你用开盖的工具
打开鱼罐头
正在
此时
我们先默声祷告
然后共进晚餐

二

我遇到
并认识了
一个人
之后我在镜子跟前
发现了
孤单

3

Fear
About Him
Terribly close
Cuts the veins
Of my existence
Not fear about myself
It becomes
Grey whisper
Now a thought about him
Is restlessly important





三

对他的
惧怕
莫名的迫近
把我存在的血管
切断
我并非害怕自己
这惧怕
变成低沉的谣言
现在想着他
一刻不停 生死攸关

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期）

From This Desk

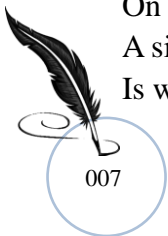
Helen Bar-Lev

From the desk at which I sit
And bring beauty
Through these hands,
This brush,
Onto the paper
Into the world,
The corner of my eye
Observes the wind
flipflop a tablecloth

On the other side of my heart,
A friend whose son is dying,
A poet who had a breakdown
During army duty,
Another who has just had
A difficult diagnosis

In my painting, human-free,
The North bloom,
Mountains regal in the background,
Pine trees and peace,
Sky blue with optimism,
Ground green with eternity

On the radio
A six-year-old Mozart
Is wooing my heart





桌子旁

海伦·巴列夫

在这张书桌上
我用这双手
和这支笔
把美绘到纸上
带到这个世界
我的眼角
瞥见风 在扑打
一张桌布

而在我心的另一旁
是一个朋友，其子弥留
和一个正服兵役诗人
已累垮身膀
还有一个才得知
难以确诊病况

我的画里， 没有人的踪影
北国繁花绽放
群山巍峨在远方
松林平和宁静
天空蔚蓝而清朗
大地也青翠如常

收音机上
一个六岁的音乐神童
正博取我的心

Whom do I fool?
A world in pain
Paradise so close to a hostile border
That, if you listen, you will surely hear
The mortar shells falling

Am I permitted the peace
Which creativity gives
Yet compassion prevents?

I sign the painting
A month in the making
And hurt for the world





我愚弄了谁呢？
一个痛苦的世界
和敌对边界如此临近的天堂
若你仔细聆听，你定能听到
炮弹雨落的炸响

我是否准许得到和平
它乃创造力所赋
却又被怜悯禁访

我在这幅画上落款
曾花费一个月创作
而今对世界却是痛伤

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 72 期）

Inside the Cuckoo Clock

Valeria Melchiorretto

We laboured inside that Cuckoo wall-clock
Confined by winding knobs, concentric shafts,
Honed in by toothed wheels and tight springs.

To assimilate to native custom was our mission:
Our cheeks turned as pasty as the clock's face,
Our hands also grasped for those happy hours.

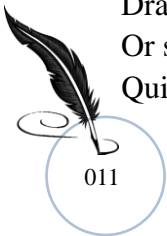
We pitied the stuffed cuckoo with its blind eyes
It popped out every hour to chirp dead on time
As if there was still life left in its feathery coat.

But despite wings it couldn't flee the clockwork.
Hypnotized by the pendulum's menacing tick,
Confoederatio Helvetica was tattooed on its rear.

A weary weather woman rustled the curtains
Kept the alarm hammer always neat and clean
While her husband announced another rainy day.

What woods the fur cones must have come from
Dark and doomed as the beginning of time itself.
Despite intent the massive bob never kept speed

Dragged progress along its elliptic path to nowhere
Or startled the bird to tweet twice in a single hour,
Quickened its tick-tock tick-tock beyond excess





布谷鸟钟

温莉瑞尔·梅尔奇欧莱托

在那座布谷鸟挂钟里我们努力着
受制于发条旋钮，和同心轴齿轮
被齿缘轮和紧紧的发条磨砺着

入乡随俗曾经是我们的责任——
我们的脸变得像挂钟的脸一样苍白
我们的手也紧紧握住那些快乐时光

我们同情那只瞎了双眼的布谷鸟
每小时它都会很准时地跳出来唱
好像在那羽毛外衣下还存有生命

但是尽管还有双翅它也不能飞离
钟摆用威胁的滴答声将其迷惑
身后刻着“瑞士联邦”的字样

一个疲倦的女气象员摩挲着窗帘
那闹锤被她保持着一贯的整洁卫生
而她的丈夫则宣布着又一个雨天

那毛皮锥肯定是用什么木料做成
黝黑，注定作为时间肇始的本源
尽管那大大的钟锤总是不紧不慢

沿着弧形轨迹拖动它无定的行程
或者在每一小时两次惊起布谷鸟
无限地加速它那滴答滴答的啁啾

Awaked a dozen deprived ghosts inside the watch.
Then, the springs recoiled, an escapement gave way
In good time we caught that gear train and adieu.





吵醒了大钟里十二个穷苦的幽灵
接着，发条弹回，擒纵轮也准时
退避，我们赶上那齿轮组后作别

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

By the Lake

Shihab Ghanem

Each time my car passes the lake
Where the ducks swim in the water
Amidst the verdure,
And I see children playing on swings
Amongst the flowers
Or running happily on the grass,
Feelings of longing engulf me
The film of memories plays back before my eyes
All over again...
Your eager face, brimming with joy,
Comes to me from all directions,
And I see your tiny fist full of pieces of bread
As it flings them into the water.
And as the ducks race to catch them,
Your sweet voice calls with childlike excitement
“Papa... kuko... Papa... kuko...”
And the echo of your lisp sings happily,
In unintelligible words, like the dialogue of birds
Suddenly you are running at full speed
Towards the water
Towards the ducks...
I run...
And clutch your precious little body,
And when it is firmly in my arms
I hug it fiercely,
And shower it with burning kisses,





湖边

谢哈布·加尼姆

每当我开车经过那片湖
都能透过葱茏看到一群
在湖里游弋的鸭子
还有孩子们在花丛的秋千上
摇荡 或者在草地上
欢快地追逐嬉戏
这时一股浓浓的思念把我吞没
过去的影像又一次
在眼前浮现出来
你那热切的小脸上挂满欢乐
从四面八方涌入我的脑海
我还看到你攥着面包屑的小手
扬起来丢向湖里
引来鸭子们争相扑食
你就兴奋地朝我喊着
“爸爸，嘎嘎……爸爸，嘎嘎……”
你快乐的咿呀学语回响
在无言的语言里，就像鸟儿的对话
突然你全速跑向
那片湖水
和那群鸭子
我也跑过去
用我张开的双手
紧紧地
把你搂在怀里
然后不住地吻你

Whilst you protest with pleas about the “kuko”,
With finger pointing to the ducks

O Wajd, if only you knew the longing
You would have realized that separation from loved ones
Was fire... nay madness





你还是嘎嘎地叫着，一边讨饶
一边用手指着那群鸭子

啊，瓦伊德我的儿子，你若知道我的思念
你就会明白远离深爱的人
是一团烈火.....还有疯狂

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期）

Wiaam

Shihab Ghanem

Wiaam! Oh most beautiful of my dreams!
A palliative for my bleeding heart.
You emerged, radiant in my life
Like a bright moon in my darkest hours
When the burden of life seemed unbearable
And the years dragged on.
Yet now it is only death I fear
And pain is happily endured
Because I want to live,
To drink inspiration from the magic of your eyes,
To behold you and nurture you,
Protect you from unhappiness,
A delicate, growing, smiling sapling.
Combined in you is the brilliance of a flower
Shining like colours in the impressionist's art,
And the sweet fragrance wafting from a blossom,
Carried at dawn in the tender arms of the breeze.
You possess the lightness and the music of birds.
You run and play, and in my latent thoughts:
It is my heart running and playing.
Ah! The sweet innocence of children!
It is a harmony composed in heaven.
Dear Lord! Shield this child from the winds of sorrow,
And preserve through her my heart, and my dreams.





薇娅姆

谢哈布·加尼姆

薇娅姆！我最美丽的梦！
你让我流血的心不再生疼
你的出现，照耀了我的人生
就像在我最黯郁时刻里
在人生的重负难以承受的时候
在日子仍然轮转不息之际
出现的一弯明月那样光明
而现在我唯一惧怕的只有死亡
痛苦倒让我乐于担承
因为我想活着
在你魔力的眸子里汲取灵感
守望着你，养育着你
保护你不受一切苦痛
你是一株微笑着成长的娇小的树苗
散发着鲜花才有的光泽
熠熠着如同印象派画家画卷上的颜色
从花瓣上飘下来的甜蜜清香
在清晨的微风柔软的臂弯里摇曳
你有鸟儿宛转的嗓音和飞翔的轻捷
你在我潜隐的思绪里奔跑玩耍
我的心也在奔跑玩耍
啊！儿童的天真无邪！
只有天堂才有的和谐
主啊！愿你能一直庇佑这个孩子不受凄苦之风
愿你通过她永葆我的心，还有我的梦

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

Without Even a Sancho

Shihab Ghanem

O! "Wajd"... O! "Waddah"... O! "Wiaam"
If only you knew how, when night falls,
My sleep is lost in its darkness
And the ghosts spring out
Dancing over my corpse till day break
O my cherished loved ones
O! "Wajd" ... O! "Wiaam" ... O! "Waddah"

How does an old warrior hope
To invade a foreign land
Travelling on a grey, sick horse
Well past its prime
With no companion save a broken sword
With a dented edge?
I would that this Don Quixote
Could take a short rest
Before passing away.
If only I could mix the words,
Dip my brush in their colours
And paint,
Then this sadness in my heart would wither and die
It would bring its own death
And in its place foliage would spring
And flowers would blossom
But I live here bonded to misery
All of them gone and I am left behind





一个桑丘也没有

谢哈布·加尼姆

阿，瓦伊德！阿，瓦达！阿，薇娅姆
你们知道么？当夜幕降临
我沉沉睡去，那些鬼魅跳出来
在我的尸体上舞蹈，达旦通宵
阿，瓦伊德！阿，瓦达！阿，薇娅姆
阿，我最珍爱的你们

一个年迈的战士
怎么会想侵入异域的疆土
他骑着一匹灰色的
瘦骨嶙峋的病马
孑然一身，只携一把破剑
锋如虫啮
倒宁愿这位堂吉诃德
可以短暂一歇
然后再赴天堂
假使我可以调制词语
假使我的画笔饱蘸色彩
并描绘
我心的悲伤也许会枯萎消亡
它也将招致自我的灭亡
取而代之的是绿叶的催生
以及芳菲绽放
而我却被缚于苦难生存
一切都将我遗忘

Only desolation remains
All of them gone: Kinsmen, friends, callers
Even my beloved Muse

Oh! “Wiaam” ... “Waddah” ... “Wajd”
Sleeplessness has drained me
Remoteness has consumed me
And Longing and Love.





只留一片荒芜
亲朋好友，甚至还有
最爱的缪斯，都将我遗忘

啊！薇娅姆，瓦达，瓦伊德
失眠已将我榨干
冷漠也把我消耗
还有期盼和对爱的留恋

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

My Own Melody

G. Mend-Ooyo

From time to time, I listen to the wild steppe,
Waiting for someone, hearing for some time.
Light and shadow meet and, meanwhile,
Waiting for a melody to save me, I let out a sigh.

For you, the right moment of my coming
Was when the camel cow roared the steppe's gentle melody
The cords of wind brought to me the song of birds,
And I welcomed the most beautiful song of the wild steppe.

I am the slender plants on the aged steppe,
The wind whistles and flutes across the grasses' shinbones,
The nesting birds sing out their song in the early morning,
Beyond the mountain's veil my horse neighs,

Tuning up, like the two strings of the horsehead fiddle,
And I feel unified in the earth's song.
You summon me, my steppe, with your singing
And you tune me with the lovely feathergrass.

The rumbling of hooves passes along the banks of the lake,
The two strings of the horsehead fiddle are stretched across a
hidden heart,
And in the roaring of the white orphan camel at the tethering
stake
The sound of the turning of the worn out ring ensnares me.





我自己的旋律

門都右

时不时的，我会聆听荒野的干草原
等待着什么人，侧耳倾听好一阵
光和影相遇，与此同时
我也等待着一曲旋律营救，我一声叹

对你而言，我来之时
母驼正唱起干草原上和煦的旋律
风如飘带给我送来鸟儿的欢歌
我欢迎这狂野草原上最优美的歌

我是这苍老原野上一株纤细的小草
风从我的膝盖下面鸣响长笛吹起口哨
清晨的时候鸟儿在窝里唱起歌
在大山的那层面纱之外我的马开始嘶叫

调整音调，就像一副二弦的马头琴
我似乎与这大地之歌融合
我的原野，你用你的歌唱把我召唤
你用你那羽毛一样的草为我调弦

马蹄的踢踏声顺着湖边传来
马头琴的两根琴弦在一颗隐秘的心里张开
拴在树桩上失去母爱的白骆驼在号啕
它鼻子上磨损的铁环抽搐撕扯开我的心怀

The song of the nightingale stands out among the far
mountains,

No melody in the moon on this peaceful evening,
I shall tune the hundred strings of my melodic heart
And coax a song from this vast zither.

I know that it was I my father played upon the fiddle,
That, joining the frayed winds, he made the strings to sing.
My horse throws his head, the bit rings out,
And the fiddle's two strings align in distant desires.

I am the strings of the steppe's placid wilderness,
How will you drum again, how will your melody resound?
May the ancient ones guard your dreams of dawn and night
And sing lullabies to the roots of the grass.





夜莺的鸣啭响透在遥远的群山
月亮上没有旋律在这个安静的夜晚
我应该调谐我旋律之心的百根琴弦
从这张齐特琴上引下一曲歌

我知道，是我的父亲在弹奏小提琴
我也知道，迎着紧绷的风，他拨弦而歌
马儿甩着头，传来阵阵响
小提琴的两根琴弦在遥远的欲望里合辙

我就是干草原，这片宁静的荒原的琴弦
你的鼓会怎么敲起，你的旋律会怎样回响？
愿先人们守卫你黎明和夜晚的梦想
对着草根吟唱起催眠的歌谣

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期）

Father and Son

Stanley H. Barkan

*We are both old men and soon enough
I'll join you.*

—David Ignatow

As I grow older,
Moving to “the best
That is to be,”
Closer to the earth
From which we both
Came, Father,

I grow to understand
Your understanding
Of me, your son,
I, father of my own son:

Forgiving everything,
Forgetting nothing.

Oh, Father, how
You would smile
At me, a father,
Forgiving and
Understanding my son
—you and me in one.





父与子

斯坦利·巴坎

我们都老了,很快我也将随你而去
——大卫·伊格纳托

随着我渐渐长大
从我们共同拥有的身份
一路走来,变成那个
将要成为的最优秀的人
更接近大地的人,父亲

我也渐渐开始理解
你对我这个儿子的
理解,我作为自己
儿子的父亲,也遵循:

宽宥一切,万不忘本

啊,父亲,你会如何
一展笑容,向我这个
宽宥并理解我的儿子的
父亲——你我融为一体

Growing into myself,
The self that was you, Father,
That am I, Son,
That is your son to be
...that is us.





长成我的自我
这个我也是你本人，父亲
也是我——我的儿子
那也将是你的儿子
……是我们

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期）

I Wanted to Be a Sun

Vira Shulgan

1.

I wanted to be a Sun
But there's no sun at night
That's why I decided to run
And follow the evening light
I wanted to be a Moon
But life then would be too short
And I changed my mind soon
Decided to be a spot
I wanted to be a Sea
To visit a beautiful beach
To feel its beauty and see
That Poor is richer than Rich
I wanted to be a Tree
Enjoying the kisses of rain
And listen the melody
Of nearby passing train
I wanted to be a Stone
To feel the embraces of wind
To be a number of phone
Of someone who isn't "hind"
I wanted to be a Kiss
A passion one, you know





我曾想变成太阳

维拉·舒尔甘

—

我曾想变成太阳
但夜晚并没有太阳
于是我决定
跟着夜色逃亡
我曾想变成月亮
但人生将会苦短
于是我改变志向
决定成为一个斑点
我曾想变成海洋
去造访美丽的海滩
去感受其魅力并见证
贫穷要比富裕慨慷
我曾想变成一棵树
以歆享雨水的亲吻
聆听驶过的火车
扬起旋律在我身旁
我曾想变成一块石头
去感受风的拥抱
把一个不是农夫的
人的电话按键拨响
我曾想变成一个吻
一个热烈的吻，那样

In such case lovers would miss
The way they wanted to go
I wanted to be a Star
But then I would be alone
'Cause Sky from the Earth is too far
I would be the same cold stone
I wished a lot me to be
But changes wouldn't change me
So why do I make tries to lie?
If being none I'll definitely die...

2.

Don't be angry if your day begins with war.
Life is a play with no rule, no law!
Don't forget that you're a human! Be kind!
And try to throw unnecessariness out of mind!
Be ready to meet old friends and new ones
Be ready to spend a year like a month
But continue hoping, pray for life
Don't make step along edge of knife
Try to save your soul, don't be a toy
Don't make an aim about destroy
You were born to help another man
Can you just do it out of turn?
Stay better and day by day
Break up all doubts, your "might" and "may"
Close your eyes and reach faraway
To give your desire a proper name.





恋人们就会热吻
恰如他们心之所向
我也曾想变成一颗星
但那样我将孤单
天地遥遥，我就成了
一块冰冷的石头那样
我想化身千万
但变化并不能把我改变
那我为何要撒谎
我若成他我必亡

二

如果你的人生始以战争，不要愤怒
人生不过是一场游戏，没有规章制度
不要忘记你是一个人，一定要友善
并把所有无关紧要统统丢到一边
准备好约见老友、结交新朋
准备像度过一个月那样度过一年
但是一定要保持希望，虔诚祈愿
不要站在刀锋上迈出你的步伐
要拯救你的心灵，不要任人把玩
不要图谋破坏什么
人生来就该互相帮助扶挽
你能否如此，以作转变
日复一日，徐图改善
破除你所有的疑虑，你的“可能”和“恐怕”
伸向远方，闭上双眼
以合适的词语命名你的夙愿

3.

If you hold a cup of hot tea
Don't be sad! Remember me!
Just imagine us together
It doesn't matter what's the weather...

And please, don't cry at night
You have to avoid my mistakes
Be brave during your fight
Distinguish swan sand snakes.





三

如果你端着一杯热茶
不要悲伤！记着我的模样！
想象着我们就在一起
不论是什么天气

也请不要在夜里哭喊
你要避免我犯过的错
勇敢点，在你的抗争中
要分清天鹅和毒蛇

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

Where She Got It From

Channah Moshe

The aged woman
With kerchief bound tightly
Around her head
Flattens her grey-white curls
While her tent dress
Conforms to the norms
Of her culture

She squints at her daughter
Wearing a tight-clad black suit
White, almost-see-through blouse
And matching high heels
She beckons
“Come, eat my Gyuvetch...”
“No, Mom,” said the little girl
Who now supervises all five
Major banking groups
Of the country.

“I won’t hear of it,” responded the mother.
“I just ate,” said the ombudsman
Of a myriad small, allegedly insignificant banks
Who could botch up
The country’s economy and her career
If she didn’t resolutely monitor
How they relate to their customers





从何而得

钱纳·摩西

那头上
紧紧系着头巾的
上了年岁的女人
捋了捋她那灰白的卷发
她的蓬裙
很恰当地
体现着
她的文化

她斜着眼看着
她那一身透亮上衣
紧身裤和高跟鞋
打扮的女儿
她喊道
“快来，尝尝我刚做的久维奇”
“不，妈妈”，小女生回应
她正在监管着
这个国家的五大
银行系统

“我不想听”，她的妈妈说
“我刚尝了”，这位调查员说
她巡视着无数个据称无足轻重的
但也许会破坏这个国家经济
和她的工作的小银行
倘若她不密切地监视
这些小银行与客户的关系

And adamantly insure they
Don't become party
To money laundering.

"I made it an hour ago."
"I'm sure it's delicious, Mom,
I'm just not hungry now."
"Don't Mom me.
Sit down and eat!"
And so she did.





并坚定地确保他们不会参与
洗钱的行径

“一个小时前我刚做出来”

“肯定很美味，妈妈，

“我只是还不饿呢”

“别叫我妈！

坐下，给我吃！”

于是她照办了。

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

Bleeding Heart

Olfa Philo

Now that the arm-wrestling game between
Your roaring devil and my silent devil is over,
My soul is missing yours...

Now that I have taken a vacation from
Your occasional storms
Your thunder's rumbling
Your lightning's flash
Your torrential downpour
Your ravaging tornado
Your volcano's lava
My heart started beating again for yours...

Now that the scars inflicted by devils started to heal,
The scar of your love proved to resist all medicine...

Now that my long buried wrath is exorcised and given flesh
in words,
My mind suddenly recalled your sunny sky...

Now that our bodies are oceans apart,
Mr. Voidness has not ceased to court me day and night...

Now that sly wolves and poisonous snakes are playing
around,
My heart proudly declared its immunity to all infections...





流血之心

奥尔法·菲洛

既然你喧嚣的恶魔和我静默的魑魅
已经结束他们的腕力角逐
我的魂开始思念你的魄……

既然我得以休憩，远离
你阵发的风暴
你隆隆的雷声
你电光四射的闪电
你倾盆如注的大雨
你横行肆虐的飓风
以及你火山的熔岩
我的心开始为你跳起……

既然恶魔造成的伤疤已经开始愈合
你爱的伤疤却抗阻所有药物治愈……

既然我长眠的愤怒依然消弭，借助言辞重又生肌
我突然间回想起你的晴空万里……

既然你我远隔重洋
不辞昼夜向我求爱的只有空虚……

既然狡诈的狼和毒蛇就在附近
我的心骄傲地宣布对所有疾病免疫……

Now that freezing winter has become my only season,
I missed our emblematic spring...

Now that sorrow has become my feeding mother
I knew that life and death lie in the heart...

Now that your offspring bear your indelible mark
I knew that past, present and future are but one ...





既然冰封的冬日已经成为我唯一的时节
我怀想起我们象征的春季……

既然痛苦已经成为喂养我的母亲
我就知道生命和死亡全在于心里……

既然你的子孙遗传了你那无法消除的印记
我就知道过去、现在和未来从来都是一体……

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

Mehmet's Sadness

Emre ŞAHİNLER

The stairs of our house are very narrow, Mehmet!
You know well the song
Which night watchmen keep on saying
Why are the lame rooms of my heart
So calm and made of glass?

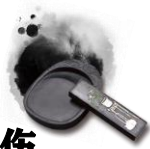
Our street is very noisy, Mehmet!
You know it well
You were glad as if hearing a kamancha sound in küçük
beyoğlu
When the handkerchief girls laughed together

Our city is so terrible, Mehmet!
My father is a deaf and dumb man
And I want the hungover poems to resound
On our raki-scented table...

Mehmet?
Do you hear me?
I realized this world is not an amusement park
Leave-the-country climates have always been covered with
ashes of time

There is something you do not know, Mehmet!
The subjects who regard me as an enemy withdrew into
their mouse holes
When they saw bunches of flowers I made from a fishnet...





穆罕默德的悲伤

埃姆雷·沙欣莱尔

我们家的楼梯很窄，穆罕默德！
你很熟悉这首歌
守夜人一直吟哦
为何我内心的残跛之室
是玻璃做成，还如此平和

我们的街道满是喧嚣，穆罕默德！
这你也十分了解
当绢帕女孩们一起欢笑时，你高兴得
像在小贝伊奥卢听到了卡曼恰的音乐

我们的城市太可怖，穆罕默德！
我父亲是聋哑人士
我希望那让人痴醉的诗歌
能在酒香的桌面上响彻

穆罕默德
你是否听到了我？
我意识到这个世界并非游乐园
去国的思潮一直被时光之尘淹没

有些事情你并不知晓，穆罕默德！
视我如敌的国人看到我用渔网制作的
一束花朵，便撤回他们的鼠窝

Do you know, Mehmet?
Allah never stops
By the city of fatherless children...





你可知道，穆罕默德？
真主从不驻足
怜悯无父孩童的城郭

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 85 期）

It Was Dawn

Maria Miraglia

I decided to go, at last
To get out from that house
Which had been for so long mine
Heavy and grim the atmosphere
Divergences and aloofness
Great like mountains
Never a word of love
Never a smile
But...silences
The only deliverance
From the everlasting oppression
To run quickly away
And the day came
It was dawn
The first day-lights peeping
From the horizon
And aimless
I closed behind me that door
Only a lean cat in the avenue and
Just some streetlights
Still lightening the houses
Inside me a faint hope
To hear a familiar voice
Crying out my name
Not far the sea and its waves
Rhythmically breaking
Against the rocks





拂晓

玛利亚·米拉利亚

最终我决意离去
离开那幢房屋
那幢一直沉闷
阴冷的我的房屋
它孤僻，冷漠
其势如山
没有一言之爱
也没有微笑
有的只是.....静默
唯一的解脱
自那无穷无尽的压迫
只有尽快远离
那一天终于来临
黎明时刻
第一道天光
从地平线露出来
我漫无目的地
关上身后的门
看到黯淡灯光下的街
还有一只瘦猫
房子也被照亮
我心中仅存希望一掬
期盼听到熟悉的声音
呼唤着我的名字
不远处大海的阵阵海浪
有节奏地
拍打着礁石

I found myself there
Shivering with cold
Yet could clearly hear
Coming from the deep waters
A caressing voice
And I let me go to its inviting call
My heart stopped beating
My lungs breathing
But I could see
Shortly after
Some passers by
Looking at my lifeless body and
From a distance hear
Their voices whisper
A drowned man...a drowned man





而我
在寒风中抖抖瑟瑟
但能清楚地听到
来自水底深处
那声音如此亲切
我沉浸在诱人的呼唤中
心停止了跳动
胸膛也不再扩张
但之后不久
我能看见
一些路人
看着我已无生命的躯体
也从远处听到
他们的私语窃窃
一个溺水的人……一个溺水的人

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

Falling Drops

Maria Miraglia

A rainy summer morning
So unusual here
And me at the window
Looking at the falling drops
Beating on the roofs of
A still sleeping town
Only few people
Down in the street
With me my thoughts
I so often keep
As in a well closed cage
To hold sway over them
But unruly
They go on their own now
Freely more than the winds
I can see them go afar
As feathers filling the air
With imaginary figures
Happily hovering
For their conquered freedom
And hear them cry loud
Asking the emotions and feelings
To come they too to the open
Get yourselves free
They say
And fly high
With us





落下的雨滴

玛利亚·米拉利亚

一个夏日的雨晨
如此不同寻常
我伫立窗边
凝视那落下的雨帘
敲打着这座
依然沉睡的小镇的屋顶
仅有寥寥几人
行走在街上
我常把自己连同
我的思绪
置于紧锁的囚笼
以驾驭统摄
可还是让它们
摆脱了羁绊
比风儿还要自由
我看着它们渐行渐远
像羽毛飘在空中
带着虚幻的身影
欢快地盘旋着
庆祝俘获的自由
听着它们嘹亮的呐喊
呼唤情绪情感
于是它们也云集响应
放飞自己吧
他们说道
与我们一起
飞向那高天

I stay there silently watching
While my face opens up
To a smile





我静立原地守望
而脸上已经
露出了一展笑颜

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

That Love

Maria Miraglia

Time goes by
Day after day
Different the colors
Of the new dawns and
The sunsets
Changes the scent
Of the seasons that
Slowly follow each other
With monotony
While like a candle
Your life is burning out
Lost at night
In the memories
Of your youth age
Still you feel the call
Of that Love
Since long in your breast
You keep tight
And in the silence
Of your barely lighted room
Clear flow in your mind
Images of a life
Never lived
Besets you melancholy
While timidly tears
Stream down your face





那种爱

玛利亚·米拉利亚

岁月远去
一天接着一天
不同的颜色
在黎明与黄昏间
不断变换
那四季的
芬芳就这样
慢慢地相互交替
一成不变
生命就像一根蜡烛
不停地燃烧着
沉没在
青春记忆中的
夜晚
你仍能感受到
来自那爱的呼唤
你将其深抑
于你的胸怀
并为你那光线昏暗
房间的死寂掩埋
你脑海里清晰的纹路
生活的影像
从未存在
忧郁困扰着你
胆怯的泪水
划过你的脸

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

Homecoming

Lara Ayvazyan

Life can be more difficult and interesting
Than someone a novel
And in the past famous beauty
Came back from faraway countries
It seems that nothing is unusual
Anyone looking for a final resting place.
I cannot forget her image personal history
I cannot fall asleep!
There are such people no clan or tribe,
And they live where they feel good.
What can you do, this is spirit of the times,
If only everyone found themselves!
They leave country easily, without any strain
Perhaps the country where she was born is not right
And it is not in a rush minute,
Memory is at it and dream
She remembers everything about her Russian soul
The roots of their ancestors in Moscow
Even France has become not perfect for her
Life came to the last chapter.
And there cannot be indifferent
For Fatherland I give the heart.
What is the power of the people, the greatness
If you come back to us?





回家

拉拉·艾瓦齐扬

生活远比一本小说
更加复杂而精彩
过去美色遐迩
自遥远国度归来
好似一切都很寻常
每个人都在寻求着最终的栖息之所
难忘她的身影、往事
竟难以入眠
总有一些人，特立独行
居于心往之所
你只能听任，这是时代的精神
惟愿众人都能找寻到自身
他们轻装去国，毫无羁绊
或许她的诞生之地，并不如愿
不必匆匆
记忆在那里，在梦中心
她记得有关她俄罗斯灵魂的一切
她先辈在莫斯科的根
甚至法兰西也不能让她心满
生活行至最后一篇
也不可默然
因我挚爱祖国
如果你归来，那什么
什么是人民和伟大的力量？

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 87 期）

A Lullaby for the People of B.

Dino Porović

Swaying in the wind,
There were lime trees and a chestnut tree, a leaf that reads
A communist
Thirsty children were watching this,
My thirsty children, having slipped into slumber
Long before their sleep.

I wear a white armband
On my left arm, a marking for
The Jews
Hungry children are marked,
My hungry children, sealed in a wagon heading to
Auschwitz.

They have lifted a placard
Above an African head in a crowd of
The disenfranchised
Black Asian children were crying,
My black Asian children, underfed for a long time and
Starving.

They kept the thought
Away from walls in freedoms,
Unconditional
With thirsty gleams in their eyes, children are peeking,
Both mine and yours; Close the eyes of this
Absurdity.





B 类人的催眠曲

迪诺·波多维克

在风中摇曳的
是一棵酸橙树和一棵栗树，还有一片叶子
上面写着：共产主义者
焦渴的孩子们看着这一切
我那焦渴的孩子们，早在入睡前
就已经陷入长夜

我左手臂上
戴着一个臂章，标示
我是犹太人
饥饿的孩子们也如此
我那些饥饿的孩子们，全都装进货车
运往奥斯维辛

他们举着一张布告
高过一群被剥夺了权利的人中
那个非洲人的头顶
亚洲黑人孩子们在哭泣
我那亚洲黑人孩子们，辘辘饥肠
已经经年累月

他们远远地望着
那自由之墙，不敢妄想
不加任何思辨和条件
他们眼里闪烁着急切的目光
孩子们在偷看，我的还有你的孩子们
把这些眼睛闭上吧。还有荒唐

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

An African Hand

Anni Sumari

An African hand
Has carefully shaped this wooden sculpture
Almost 70 cm long, with two heads
And one body
Two identical girl's heads, the eyes
Closed now because,
Because they can't see with them anymore,
Death has abducted the two-headed
Goddess in its black armpit
Goddess who has never learned
To walk
But could speak, with her two mouths
Words that were listened to closely
And also repeated to the next generation
The two heads spoke in turn
And one stopped to listen
When the other spoke, their conversations
Would have been all the more interesting
And weighty and important
As soon as they realized that they were
A goddess we would call
Siamese





非洲之手

安妮·萨默利

这支木雕，巧夺天工
出自一只非洲之手
它高 70 厘米，一个身体
上雕着两个头
两个一模一样的女孩的头
眼睛闭着，因为
它们已经不能看到东西
死神将这双头的女神
绑架于其腋下
她还没有学会
行走
但已经可以张开两口说出
为人聆听
被人传颂的话
两张口交相发言
一个头张嘴说话时
另一个头认真倾听
他们的对话也许更有意思
更有分量，更加重要
只要她们意识到她们
是我们称之为暹罗的
女神

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

As a Night

Sassi Fathi

She hasn't left....

But she reproaches her toothbrush for crying,

And for the time glasses,

She arranged her face from the features of absence,

Afraid of leaving her memory on the table;

Love is lying on a sofa made from the moon cough...

She said...

Who has planted a cloud in the night of my loneliness?

So it rained a volley of questions on my body

The violins which are listening to the dusk of my loneliness,

Are washing by the wine of your colors,

Then to be combed overtly from my waiting waist;

Only absence ...

Kisses you, to forget your face on a cloud,

And you leave as if you have an appointment

With the most beautiful losses,

Perhaps you are preparing an everlasting rest,

For a forthcoming appointment...

You carry the burden of absence, and on your shoulder;

a tattoo lost the key of its failure on poem lips,

Like a star broke out in sweat in a moment of shame

Why you learn an exile song by heart like poetry?

And you scream:

Hey....Rose, you perfumed the way of our loneliness

And gave us the lily of seduction





夜晚

萨西·法特西

她还未离去……
但她怨咎她的牙刷，因为哭泣
也因为那些沙漏
从缺席的特征中她把自己的脸整理
害怕将记忆忘在桌子上
爱正躺在由月亮咳嗽制作的沙发里
她说——
谁在我孤独的夜里栽种了一朵云
让它往我身上降下了诸多问题
一直在聆听我孤独黄昏的梵婀玲
被你的七彩之酒濯刷
然后从我等待的腰肢公然梳展
只有缺席……

亲吻你，忘记你云朵上的面庞
而你离开，如有约在身似的
带着最美丽的损失
也许你在准备永久的憩息
为一场即将到来的约定
你负着缺席的责任，在你肩上
一个刺青丢掉了在诗歌之唇上失败的钥匙
像一颗星在耻辱的一刻从汗颜中破穹
为什么你把一首驱逐之歌像诗歌一样背诵
你喊起来——
哎，玫瑰！你熏香了我们孤独的道路
还给了我们诱惑的百合

I'll wear a tree, and wave with branches to all the stars
To turn green the stone face...
And the water laughs at the whinny of the story,
I....I try to perceive your beautiful night
But I have not succeeded to wear your absence,
So don't dwell in my body.





我要穿上一棵树，用所有树枝迎星招展
把石头的脸变青
而水则嘲笑这则故事的马鸣声
我——我想感知你魅力的夜晚
但是我没能穿戴你的缺席
所以，请不要住居于我的身体

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

Fire Relies on the Leaves of Gum Trees

Dominique Hecq

No sound fits this spectacle No sound
But the hiss of fire bark grass
Searing your world into sheer whorls
Of alliterations Hallucinations
Of words resounding with nothing

Following faultlines a gorge aflame
Furrows erased in granite and sandstone
Lines of scribble gums forever
Receding The gorge
Barring you

Now how could I speak again
When syllables shatter on my page
Turning words inside out
When letters hover in the air
Like the smell of your burning skin?

We were discussing poetics
On our mobiles how we didn't need
Manuals for wordsmiths
Preferred to work words as an end
In itself make a poem fulfilled

In its enaction ook inwards
To the materiality of language
On the page and in the mouth





火依存于橡胶树叶

多米尼克·赫克

没有声音适合这一奇观 没有
除了火舌的嘶嘶 狂吠 草
正把你的世界灼烧
成纯粹的头韵 言语的
幻觉 作出虚无的回响

沿着断层线 峡谷燃烧
沟壑填平于花岗岩与砂岩
红口桉树身上的虫线
渐渐黯淡 峡谷将你
隔阻

现在，当音节破碎于纸面
将词语翻转
当字母盘旋于空中
就像你皮肤燃烧的气味一样
我又怎么能说话呢？

我们正在手机上
研讨诗学 我们如何不需要
语言大师的手册
更喜欢把文字作为它的结尾
让一首诗更加圆满

在其展现中 向里看
注重语言的实体
在纸上 在口中

Stress the event not the effect
You said good bye
And now I dream that you flit
Out of my skin your voice
Lettering me Poetic enjoyment
Perhaps as if to resist
The etiolation of language
Don't put individual utterances on show
You say perform their moves
Of repetition re-use reiteration
Show your reader the absurd
Desire to contain

For here is the gum and its inferno remains
The grave among blistered roots
The mouthless earth lulling one to leave

If it could speak it would say
Here is the silence here is the question





强调事件 而非效果
你说再见
现在，我梦见你
从我的皮肤飞出 你的声音
给我带来诗意的享受
好似在抗拒着
语言的苍白
不要将个人意见公开
你说 演出他们
重复的动作 不断重复
向你的读者展示那意图克制的
荒谬欲望

因为橡胶树的地狱般的墓冢
就在起水泡的根部
无嘴的土地引诱着人离去

如果它能说话 也许会说
这就是沉默 这就是问题

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期）

The Slow Hum of Bees

Kaye Voigt Abikhaled

There were days of serene calm
In the countryside of my youth
Sun drying dewy mornings
Air clear as glass
And the slow hum of bees
Gathering pollen honeyed goodness-

Lolling in tall grass eyes followed
Their amblings and I believed
This tranquil world would never end
Seventy-five years have past
My second roots
In the twenty-first century
Gone are serene calm and stillness
Changed in wars & earthquakes
Droughts, floods, tornados
And the beloved city
Shrouded in dusty haze
Constant roar of background traffic

Not a single bee not a single frog
Owls have vanished
Rodents make the dry grass itch -
In blind impertinence we
Altered our perfect world
Just look how we have ruined it





蜜蜂嗡嗡吟唱

凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德

在我青春的乡间里
时光宁静而安详
清晨的阳光晒干露滴
空气，澄澈如玻璃
蜜蜂悠然嗡鸣
采集花蜜 日月的精华

徜徉在花木中 眼睛随着
轻盈的步态 那时的我相信
这宁静的世界会永存
七十五年过去
二十一世纪的我
迎来新生
可宁静与安详
在战争、地震
干旱、洪涝、龙卷风中变质
我心爱的城市
裹葬于尘霾
和此起彼伏的车流杂音

再也没有蜜蜂、青蛙
猫头鹰尽已消失
啮齿动物肆虐于衰草
盲目无礼中
我们篡改了原本完美的世界
看看我们是如何将其损毁

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第91期）

Actors off Script

Kaye Voigt Abikhaled

We were gay and happy then
Newlyweds first trip to Lebanon
Summer 1965

Countless friends and family
Small cups of coffee
A prince his wives and children

Vacationing next door
We tried each other's clothes
Entertaining the prince
We were gay and happy then

An important visitor unannounced
Firm hand shake and fearless gaze
Hafez al-Assad he bowed to us

Women retreated to the salon
Sat on silk cushions sipped thin tea
Passed an ornate argeele for a long hour

Cooled our heels listened to ancient tunes
Until we were ushered back to the presence
Of the prince





脱稿演员

凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德

新婚燕尔的我们
1965 年夏天
第一次去黎巴嫩旅行

无数的朋友和家人
拿起一杯杯咖啡
一位王子，带着他的妻子和孩子们

在隔壁度假
我们试穿对方的衣服
逗王子开心
我们无比欢欣

一位重要的客人
有力的握手 无畏的凝视
他叫哈菲兹·阿萨德，向我们鞠躬

女士们回到沙龙
倚在丝绸靠垫上，品着清茗
在一件华丽的艺术品面前驻足良久

冷静下来，听着古雅的曲调
直到我们被引回到
王子的面前

Whose mien was to frighten me
And who was the only one that day
To foresee what was in store for his country, Syria





王子的风采震撼了我，他是那天唯一一个
可以预见他的祖国——叙利亚
会发生什么的人

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期）

Mona Lisa of the Mountains

Nancy Dougherty

Fishing poles. Lures. I hear them talk of going
To Hamilton Branch. Before dawn. Breakfast rush
In cartons and bottles and rattling-laughter
In metal boxes. Sunscreen and tackle, rebates.
Licenses. Something like this I hear.

They will leave the cabin in yellow slickers
The same as Yesterday and Today
And Forever. I gaze from my shelf beside
The trophy plate of flying trout and ballerina
In powder blue. Oddly at home,

I am all triangles. The most perfect of compositions,
Even here, reproduced, edges frayed, amidst
Sierra pines and their windsong. The evening
Scramble of squirrels up and down the bark, so noisy
I sometimes mistake it for rain. Tap tap.

A woodpecker breaks the reverie, really
How did I come to be here? I am told
There are more lakes in my eyes than volcanoes.
What warmth there might have been.





山中的蒙娜丽莎

南希·多尔蒂

鱼竿。鱼饵。我听到它们在说
要去汉密尔顿。拂晓时分。一阵早饭的嘈杂
——硬纸盒，玻璃瓶，金属箱里发出
咯咯的笑声。防晒霜，渔具，贴现折扣
许可证。诸如此类，轮番入耳。

它们会穿着黄色雨衣离开木屋
和昨天一样，今天也这样
甚至永远这样。我看着博古架出神
旁边摆着飞鳉奖盘和浅灰蓝色的
芭蕾舞女演员雕像。很奇怪，在家时

我就成了三角铁。最完美的曲子
即便于此地，也被重新谱写。在塞拉松柏
和它们的风鸣之中，边缘日渐磨损。夜间
松鼠们上上下下攀爬划响树皮的声音嘈杂
我有时甚至以为是在下雨，噼里啪啦

一只啄木鸟打断我的遐思，可不
我是如何来到此地？有人告诉我
我眼中的湖泊远多于火山
此地必曾有什么温暖

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

His and Hers

Nancy Dougherty

Tin baths

One steamed

To stars

One cooled

To Mars

Twinned

As olive-branched

Grins

Handheld

Silence

Moon

Rising

Great Owl hoot

Scoop of etched

Wing reflects

A cusp of leaf

Tender as a plaid

Of words

Yet swum





他的和她的

南希·多尔蒂

两只浴缸
一只热气蒸腾

入云霄
一只沉着凉爽
如火星

双胞胎生
恰如橄榄枝的
露齿笑

握于手中的
静默

月亮
升起
大雕鸮开叫

蚀刻成勺的翅膀
反射出光

叶子的尖

娇嫩如言辞
做成的披肩
却又游弋而去

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

Ringed in the Heart

Nancy Dougherty

Twisted turned upwards flat
Or pinioned. “Which one is this?”
I hold out a branch and cone
Within my palm as we hike on a trail loop
To Lake Juniper.

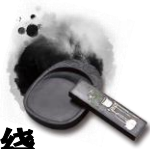
All this growth what is left after fire &
Ash through the millennium. Soft bed
Of needles chunks of bark and pulp
Crunch with each step.

Without words, we breathe in
Sweetness of sap and rings of
The years, now being carried away
By the black ants. They work
In pairs, have burrows, are quicker
Than freight trains. Dragonflies.
Speed boats.

If you can’t count
The wave’s whyever could
You count the years. Ringed in
Your heart held in blood-sap
Closed & tight as a fist

Like the cones of the white fir





心里缠绕

南希·多尔蒂

扭曲着向上翻转至铺平
或者绑定。“这是哪个？”

我拿出长着松果的松枝
托在手掌之上，在我们循着一条环形
小路前往朱皮特湖的路上

所有这些成长，都是千年燃烧灰烬
之后的遗留。松针、树皮、浆果碾落
铺成的松软地毯，伴随着
我们每一个脚步

我们一言不发，呼吸着
树液的甜蜜和树的年轮
现在已经
被黑蚁运走。他们两两
合作，挖洞，速度
堪比货运列车。蜻蜓。
甚至快船。

如果不能清数
波浪，那怎能
数清日月。在你的心中
缠绕，被树的血液控制
关停，紧如拳握

好像白枞的球果一样

Irregular each section &
Indestructible. Fire water wind
And dirt held for eternity.

The shoots of the miniature
Trees abound.





每个部分都毫无规则
且不能毁坏。火水风土
保持永生。

微型树的新枝
接连催发。

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

Alice

Nancy Dougherty

Her sapphire eyes want to tell you
Where she has traveled
But you are not ready to know
The names of her multiple selves

Where she has traveled
Over continents of ice and tundra
The names of her multiple selves
The white of her days

Over continents ice and tundra
Ever so tenderly in words
The white of her days
Black centers of daisies quiver

Ever so tenderly in words
Her hands trace the air
Black centers of daisies quiver
She sips her jasmine tea

Hands trace the air in circles
But you are not ready to know
She sips her jasmine tea
But her eyes want to
Drink you





爱丽丝

南希·多尔蒂

她蓝宝石般的眸子想告诉你
她游历过的天地
但你还没有准备好了解
她多样自我的名字

她游历过哪里
冰原和苔原的陆地
她多样自我的名字
她生命里的白

跨过陆地的冰原和苔原
如此温婉的言辞
她生命中的白
雏菊的黑色花心轻颤

如此温婉的言辞
她的手追着空气
雏菊的黑色花心轻颤
她啜饮着茉莉茶

双手划着圆追赶空气
但你还没有准备好了解
她啜饮着茉莉茶
但她的双眼想把你一饮而尽

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

Late Dinner

Nancy Dougherty

I knew you were expecting me—
I sprint to the metro, silk scarf streaming.
Things couldn't wait. Cool words hiding like a rabbit
In juniper. Clothes to bring in
In from the rain. The scrubbed talc
Of experience
And diapers to be changed. A pailful.
“Mommy” she says, and rolls over. Mommy is
Something indefinable and self-contained.
Is tangerines and thunder
Of hunger. I dreamt of thunder
And more confrontation with the neighbor
That went on link after link on the computer like lettuce
leaves
Pulled from the head. And on top of everything
The moans of violin and gush of tears
On Bleecker Street fused in a traffic glottal stop
Longest. Is drunk on flack
On kerplunk of coins for a wailful. Then detour
Thru red-eye streets I hadn't known about but here I am, in
Manhattan.
Dusk coats the sailboats in chocolate.





略晚的晚饭

南希·多尔蒂

我知道你在等我——
我冲刺向地铁，丝巾飘扬
时不我待。俏皮话像躲进
杜松的兔子。从雨中带来的
衣服。被磨得锃亮的
经验的滑石
还有要换掉的尿布。满满一桶。
“妈咪”，她说，然后翻过身去。
妈咪是难以定义的，拘谨
是橘子和饥饿的雷声？
我梦到过雷声，还有更多
和邻居的对抗，像从头往下捋的
莴笋叶，一轮轮地在电脑上持续
而尤为重要，小提琴的呜咽
和布里克大街上奔涌的泪水长久地熔合
在一个交通声控站。推销员已醉？
为柯普浪硬币游戏哀悼着。然后通过
我从来不知的红眼街道迂回，来到这里
在曼哈顿。暮霭把帆船披上棕色。

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

Water Lilies

Nancy Cavers Dougherty

Have you ever wrestled with the crocodiles on the web the
Dinosaurs stalking your sites
And finger taps and clocks running up their ties and
Have you forgotten the hour when your best
Friend plucked a water lily from Lake Waban under bracing
Noon sun and draped it over the gunnels
Of fiberglass hollow drifting and sharing stories the
Occasional splash of oar and buzz of dragonfly
And now the only rowing is against the currents of economic
trends that mutate into ripples
Of rumors and nobody's got a clue in this grownup jungle
Of manmade paths the indicators staking
Out new orbits to exploit and your devices are breathing
And flaming and the land rumbles with
Malaise an Amazon of orders and returns of norovirus and
Rotavirus and lost knowledge what
of the abandonment of an afternoon among the lily pads
Stories that spilled over in sequels and jewels
Of gossip and your coconut-oiled and reddening flesh the
Only indicators of time hazing and wellspent





白色的百合花

南希·卡弗·多尔蒂

你可曾在网上与鳄鱼摔跤，还有
那追踪你常浏览网址的恐龙
以及手指的敲击和痉挛。
你难道已经忘记那次，你最好的
朋友在欢欣的正午阳光下从瓦班湖
折下一支睡莲，并把它插在船舷边
玻璃纤维的缝隙。让它漂流、分享故事
船桨偶尔溅起水花，蜻蜓嗡嗡
而现在只有逆经济发展之洪流而上
大势已经演变为流言的涟漪
没有谁明白这人造道路长成的丛林
指示着标出新的开发轨道。你的设备
在呼吸、燃烧。土地在微恙中隆隆作响
秩序的壮硕女人、诺如病毒、轮状病毒的回归
还有遗忘的知识
舍弃一个下午到底怎样？睡莲的故事
一个接一个地溢出来，流言的珠宝
和你如椰子油一般红润的果肉
指示着时间已如暮霭迷蒙

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

New Year's Eve

Shihab Ghanem

The longer pointer embraces the other
At the top of the disc of time.
And at the moment of fusion,
One year falls dead,
One year is born.
No pangs of a mother
Just the familiar chime
Then a wave of ecstatic emotion

As humans embrace each other
And glasses kiss and cluster.
Yet well beyond the din and sway -
As always when folly crosses my way -
My thoughts go galloping far away

And the enchanting Muse-like Sleeping Beauty -
Wakes up to whisper into my ear:
“Is this a moment for ecstasy?
Or, for mourning?”
Then quickly adds in a fainter whisper:
“Or is it just like any other moment?”
And after some reflection I say:
“None of these is right
“It’s a moment to think and ponder
“Or else a moment to pray”





新年前夕

谢哈布·加尼姆

分针与时针相拥
到了表盘最顶
就在交叠那一刻
一年逝去
一年诞生
没有母亲的悲痛
只是熟悉的钟鸣
接着是一股欣喜如潮涌

人与人相拥
斛筹交错
盖过喧嚣和醉舞
恰如往昔每有蠢行
我的思绪便一去奔腾

迷人的缪斯——睡美人一般
醒来附耳过来
“这一刻不该欢喜？
还是只能哀痛？”
转又轻轻耳语
“又或者是平平常常？”
我思忖一通：
“都不是”
“这是沉思的时刻”
“或者祈祷之时”

And whilst a year is born around me
A poem struggles to see the light
Before the break of day.





新年到来之际
一首诗挣扎着
在曙光之前见到光明

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 94 期）

The Arrival of Seagulls

Raed Anis Al-Jishi

I have seen gulls,
In holy visions,
Hover and invent
The sound of horses.

I have seen them
Give alms to rats
Hungry for crumbs of bread,
Crucified on the altar.

I have seen them
Flap their wings and swallow
Common rules of fish.
Reinvent the physics
Of a silver talisman's dance
On the sea's curve.

I have seen rats
Feast at the fall of dusk.
They claim to be the genesis of light.





海鸥飞来

阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

在圣觉中
我曾见海鸥
盘旋，发出
马嘶鸣的声音

我看见它们
向受戒于圣坛上
寻食面包屑的
老鼠提供救济

我看见它们
拍打着翅膀，吞下
鱼类的普遍法则
在大海的弧线轨迹上
重铸银色护身符
飞舞的物理学

我看到老鼠们
尽情欣赏着黄昏的袭来
它们说那是光明的开端

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

A Dance of Bullets

Raed Anis Al-Jishi

If out of passion I strained my heart,
It doesn't matter.
You crossed each alley
Of my inner streets -
Mirrored the dream
Running through my veins,
And from my garden,
Plucked,
The love grown
From a pear tree.

If I offer you roses
Distilled from my blood
And if, in your honor
I play the anthem of salvation
With my heart's beats,
It doesn't matter.

Home,
It doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter if
All you could offer me is
A dance of bullets.





子弹之舞

阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

如果因为激情，我抻伤了自己的心
这并没有什么
你穿过我心中街道的
每一个巷子——
映现那从我花园
流动于我血脉的梦境
从一棵梨树上
摘下
爱情

如果我给你
由我血液萃取的玫瑰
如果为了你
我以自己的心跳
弹奏救赎的赞歌
那也没有什么

家园
那也没有什么，如果
你所能提供给我的不过是
子弹的飞梭

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

Final Act

Raed Anis Al-Jishi

In the theatre of time I stand crucified on the cross of my
tongue

Watching birds as they fall on my song

And steal breadcrumbs and wine
That grow from my soulful melody.

What could meaning hide for me
If the bars of its rhythms are rooted in the rhyme's soul?

I see nails pierce through my hands,
And yet my dreams hammer back.

I am a stranger carving out the meaning of home,
Recollected from memories my footsteps have known.

This home that lends its marks on my skin
And prints thorns on branches of my veins.

A cooing carved, while clouds witness
The towering dance in my lungs.

Water escaped the land to pour upon me
And drench the cracks of my murmur.





最后一幕

阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

在时间的剧场中，我被钉立于自己舌头的十字架上
看着鸟儿们落在我的歌上

并偷食从我深情的旋律
长出的面包屑和葡萄酒

意义会对我隐藏些什么呢
如果韵律的节拍根植于韵律之魂

我看到指甲刺穿我的手掌
可我的梦仍然猛将我击醒

我是一个陌生人，雕刻着
从我脚印熟知的记忆找回的家园的意义

这是在我皮肤上留下烙印的家园
将尖刺印插在我血管的树枝上的家园

雕刻出一声咕咕叫，此时白云
正见证我胸怀中高蹈的舞姿

水逃离土地，迎面泼来
浸湿我喃喃自语的每一个空隙

Some words can't grow without a body
Unless slain in the temple of description.

What if I didn't listen to my heart?
My cross is all I carry with me

This heart I bear on my back bent
Serene with my songs into the woods.

My verse metrics sound the storm in my blood
Against this world of dust that dulls the spirit.

I hear string echoes calling for the uprising
Within the confines of my time and space.

I'm a free soul, and my soul tortures me,
Likely to stitch my lips into silence.

Yet my word will take me among
The scented stream of flowers gilding my guillotine.

Only poems soothe my wanderlust
In one poised moment.
Two raptors surround me: my mind & my faith.
A whispering angel with broken wings

Walked seven times around my remains
Ringing my hums in every round.





有些词汇不能脱离身体生出
除非它们被残杀于描述的寺宇

如果我并未听从本心呢？
我就只有身上背负的十字架

这颗我背着的心连同我的歌唱
宁静地弯身没入树林之中

我的诗律声如我血液中的风暴
冷对这个沉钝精神的尘世

我听到一串串的呼喊，在我限有的
时间和空间之内吁求抗争

我是自由的魂灵，而我的魂折磨我
欲将我的嘴唇缝入寂静之中

而我的词语会携我进入
那给我的断头台镀上金粉的花朵馥郁的香流

在一个蓄势待发的时刻
只有诗能安抚我周游无极的嗜好

两只猛禽——我的思想和我的信仰——围绕我
一个在我耳边私语的断翅天使

七次围转着我的遗骸
每一次都哼着我的曲调

I will break the pink stone inside my chest

If she leaves me in a valley with no direction.

And I will cut the oxygen of love,
If she tries to break my illusions.





我要击碎我胸中的粉色顽石
如果她将我弃于一个没有方向的谷中

我也会切断爱的氧气
如果她胆敢粉碎我的幻想

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

关于译者

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等 40 余种，曾获第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

刘珍，山东省曲阜市人，现就职于曲阜市第一中学。1997年毕业于曲阜师范大学英语教育专业。毕业后一直致力于教学、教研和翻译工作，并参与多个课题和教研活动，并发表若干教学和教研论文。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*.

He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and *Orient-Occident Lit Collection* (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award, among many other awards.

Zhen Liu is a native of Qufu City, Shandong Province, and is currently working in Qufu No.1 Middle School. She graduated from Qufu Normal University in 1997, majoring in English Education. After graduation, she has been devoted to teaching, research and translation, and has participated in many projects and research activities, and published several papers on teaching and research.

编 后 记

POSTSCRIPT

《我自己的旋律》作为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”之一，主要收录了木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 60-97 期 20 行以上的汉译诗歌，共 33 首。

诗集的编审工作早就开始酝酿，后因种种原因搁置，如今幸得多方配合，计划重启，团队也得以壮大。与传统出版模式不同，本书并未经由出版社编排，而是由同时担任出版策划的木樨颜联系编者，由各册编者负责书籍的图文排版，封面设计则有译丛主译一力承担。整个出版过程事无巨细都由图书责任方执行，出版方只是负责将符合要求的定稿提交出版系统审核。出版前的工作纷繁复杂，多亏木樨颜统筹指导，以及各位编者的团结协作，对木樨颜发表过的诗歌进行分类整理，为后续编排审校工作的顺利开展进行奠定坚实基础。

本册诗选在编选之初，编者计划将抒情类诗歌汇总集录，后来经与其他册目编者商议，本着尽可能将诗歌收录全而又重复少的原则，改变了最初的计划，仅收录了木樨颜在刊物第 60-97 期发表的 20 行以上的汉译诗歌。这也就造成了本书中收录的诗歌主题多样，其中有表达爱子之情的 *By the Lake*（《湖边》）和 *Wiaam*（《薇娅姆》），表达对祖国思念之情的 *Homecoming*（《回家》），有充满哲理的 *We Were Deserters from*

the Circus (《我们是竞技场的逃亡者》), 还有描绘自然直抒胸臆 Falling Drops (《落下的雨滴》)……每首诗歌都是诗人内心的一段旋律, 跳动着诗人的情感与理性音符, 因此本册诗集就借用了蒙古诗人門都右的诗歌 My Own Melody (《我自己的旋律》) 作为诗集名。

本书的成功编选出版首先要感谢各方给予的支持以及木樨颜给予的信任和机会; 其次还要感谢丛书其他编者给予的帮助和配合, 不然如此琐碎复杂的编选和排版工作, 任何人凭一己之力都不可能在短时间内完。

诗歌在编审的过程中对译文中一些缺失的诗歌标题和作者名进行了补译, 对原诗中的一些拼写错误做了修正。同时, 对译文中的个别词句做了仔细的推敲斟酌, 并补充修正了少量标点问题。但即便如此, 仍不敢保证没有一丝错误和疏漏, 在此特请认真细心的读者监督反馈, 提出宝贵意见, 一并致谢!

编者